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In The Convivial Glow

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Like a cat drawn to a warm lap, I am drawn to the scenes of human conviviality. This is a trait that runs deep and has sustained me over the years as I have followed the murmur of voices and the echo of song to the places where people come together in festive or solemn mood. Never released from the spell of the talk and the music, I have learned to discover in these moments of togetherness a guide to personal temperament and character, to the way things are done in society, and to the imprint of codes underlying belief and practice. The indigenous people in Colombia's Sibundoy Valley live for the carnival that brings the community together once a year, just as the *costeños* of Mexico's Costa Chica relish their *bohemios*, evenings given over to exercising the local muses. And I thank my lucky stars for the pleasure of such company on these sorts of special occasions.

A folklorist attuned to the artistic uses of speech and language, I have found myself on the edge and sometimes in the middle of many richly expressive moments. This quest has carried me to three continents (and an island or two), into homes, plazas, churches, and *cabildos* in dozens of villages, towns and cities. It is my style to travel light, avoid the authorities as much as possible, and seek out the good-hearted people of a place, and in this I have been fabulously successful. It has been my fortune to attract or stumble upon a remarkable group of quasi-magical helpers, people sharing my own reverence for the play of creativity and tradition. I think of Miguel Arizmendi, Francisco Tandioy, Kwesi Yankah, Raul Mayo, and many others who guided my steps and awakened my mind to the wonders of their native districts. They brought me to the musicians, dancers, poets, and pranksters, to the wise *mayores* and talented *juglares*, who animate in their voices and actions the legacies of their regions. At times I found riddles, or nicknames; at other times ballads, or stories imbued with mythic consciousness. I made it my rule to respond, I hope with some agility, to what occupied the energies of those around me.

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From the Director

Daniel B. Reed

A Return Trip To West Africa: Finding *Konkoba*

In 1934, Laura Boulton, along with several other participants in the Straus Expedition[1] documented a mask performance called *Konkoba* (literally, "great/large wilderness") in the village of Bankumana, French Sudan (now Mali) in West Africa. Years ago, while researching and writing the CD-ROM, *Music and Culture of West Africa: The Straus Expedition* (Indiana University Press, 2002), I found the film, photos, and audio recordings of *Konkoba* to be among the most intriguing documents in the ATM's collection of Straus Expedition materials (accession number 92-313-F). In the brief but tantalizing film footage, the enormous

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Konkoba performance attended by Laura Boulton in Bankumana, Mali 1934. Photo by Jack Jennings.

colonial era politician who would become Mali's first president in 1960—died. His funeral was a major regional event, so the Kouyaté family walked two hundred kilometers to Bamako to offer condolences and perform for the occasion. While walking back home to Siguiri, Sekou's older brother became ill, forcing the group to stop for a rest at Bankumana, where they encountered Boulton and the rest of the Straus Expedition crew. At Bankumana, the Kouyatés were asked to perform for the chief, Nankon Kamara; when Boulton asked to document the event, the family agreed. The Kouyatés had seen cars before (and in fact rented one to ease their journey back from Bankumana to Siguiri), but had never before encountered cameras and recording gear. Their interactions with Boulton were limited and brief; following the day of the event, they knew nothing of the results of their interactions with Boulton until I arrived sixty-nine years later.

Reconnecting the Kouyaté family with this recorded documentation of their past was perhaps my favorite field experience of my career up to this point. Once again, we see the value of archives in preserving family, regional, and cultural history. We preserve recorded heritage for multiple purposes and multiple populations, including those of researchers and the communities where the recordings were made. To repeat a mantra from an earlier *Resound*, there is indeed a greater purpose to our mission and the work that we do here at ATM.

1 See *Resound* Vol. 21, Nos. 1/2, January/April 2002.

Sekou Kouyate with photo of Konkoba, Siguiri, Guinea, 2003. Photo by Daniel Reed

In The Convivial Glow

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My professional journey began close to home, when I was a graduate student at the University of Texas and completed in 1975 my doctoral dissertation on the speech play and verbal art of Austin's Chicano children. While still in graduate school I inaugurated the two other investigations that would consume me for many years, indeed *hasta el presente*, into the *corridos* of Mexico's Costa Chica, and into the speech art and spiritual life of two indigenous communities in Colombia's Sibundoy Valley. These are my major research adventures, augmented by a fortuitous research stint in Ghana, West Africa, which produced a harvest of song and music, and a series of smaller ventures, in such places as New Mexico, Cuba, and Veracruz, Mexico, which have allowed me to gather more modest assemblies of data.

Having reached the middle way of my life, I am pleased to be contributing to the Archives of Traditional Music the main tangible fruits of these escapades. It was my former teacher, now friend and colleague, Professor Joel Sherzer at the University of Texas, authority on San Blas Kuna oral tradition, who planted the notion that I might do something about the residue of my field investigations. Daniel Reed, director of the Archives of Traditional Music, has graciously agreed to accept what I have to offer, and I have received excellent assistance from the ATM staff as we begin the transfer of audio-visual, photographic, and paper documents. I am now invited by Professor Reed to prepare this account for *Resound*, a publication I have followed closely over the years. What I present here is a sketch of the materials along with a brief narrative of how I came to participate, as a folklorist and as a human being, in the life of these traditions and these people. It is my hope that this account will serve as an appetizer for passersby and as a point of entry, for those who wish to pursue it, to a remarkable world of human creativity and imagination.

RESEARCH AGENDA

At Swarthmore College I majored in music with a side interest in English literature. As is common among folklorists, I carry these initial interests in art and society out into the wider world of human creativity, retaining a commitment to close formal analysis of artistic expression but now extending it into the realm of the everyday and the vast domain of non-Western oral and musical culture. As a graduate student in anthropology (folklore) at the University of Texas in Austin, I joined in the heady mission to dethrone Noam Chomsky's abstract generative grammar by looking at how people actually use language, what they are doing with words in real-life situations. One important component of this crusade was to inventory the accomplished speech capacities of people and communities often seen as being beyond the pale, whether these be vernacular settings in the

United States and Europe, or similarly neglected settings in the third-world nations of Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

This vision of language as an expressive resource gathered together folklorists, anthropologists, and scholars from several other fields in a common cause broadly formulated as the ethnography of communication. I took up the mantle in an enterprise I thought of as the ethnography of speaking folklore, which seemed a vital component of the larger agenda. Reacting against the positivistic bias of Chomsky and the MIT establishment, we found in the byways of the world, even in our own everyday habitats, a universal impulse toward verbal intrigue, and a significant role for verbal art and speech play in shaping the experiences of individuals, communities, even nations. Our practice as ethnographers of speaking was and is resolutely empirical, but the goal has always been to move beyond the performance situation to assess the interplay of speech resources and other cultural systems.

With this intellectual framework in hand, I went out into the world in search of artful speaking, and I found it initially in the verbal routines of Austin's Chicano children, and subsequently in the two settings that have remained at the core of my research over the years, the Sibundoy Valley of Colombia, and Mexico's Costa Chica. To a significant degree, my research has been genre-oriented, in that I have sought to elucidate the workings of expressive forms and conventions that matter to people. In the Sibundoy Valley, as in Ghana, my method has been an exploratory one: what are the key forms of expression that enable social life in these places? The end product of these investigations is a taxonomy of traditional expressive forms, tracing the links between formal expressive features, social environments, and instrumental powers. In Mexico, my quest targets a particular genre, the ballad form known as the *corrido*, and my work assesses the role played by this genre in the life of the community.

This research agenda, reflected in the materials to be deposited in the ATM, pivots around a series of central questions: What forms of expression are vital to a given community? What are the formal properties of each that set it apart from other modes of communication? What are the situational constraints on the employment of these forms? And what special feats of illumination and persuasion can be accomplished by each form? This research practice entails a careful ethnographic approach to the material, a close look at rhetorical and poetic elements realized in live performances, and attending to the intersection of expressive culture with other arenas such as local history, cosmology, world view, social process, and political authority. These principles have led me into analyses of children's riddling as a forum for exploring received conceptual categories; of ballads as responses to the ravages of violence; of storytelling as a means of refining world view in a changing reality. Often, in attempting to capture the special force of traditional verbal art, I have drawn upon analogies from religious experience, such as *epiphany*, *immanence*, and the like. And recently I have come to see much of the work accomplished by verbal art forms, if not speech play necessarily, as broadly *commemorative*, in the sense of projecting into the future a particular interpretation of past events and experience.

CHILDREN'S VERBAL ART

-*Why do birds fly south for the summer?*
-Because it's too far to walk.
-Porque *it's too far* pa'ander

Chicano children's riddle exchange, Austin, 1974.

Popeye nació en Torreón	Popeye was born in Torreon
Debajo de una sillón,	Beneath the easy chair,
Mató a su tía	He killed his aunt
Con una tortilla	With a single tortilla
Popeye nació en Torreón	Popeye was born in Torreon

Chicano children's parody of the Popeye song, Austin, 1974.

Beginning in February of 1974 and continuing well into the fall of that year, I conducted field research with Chicano children in Austin, Texas, in connection with the Texas Children's Folklore Project sponsored by the Southwest Educational Development Laboratory. This project was supervised by Professor Richard Bauman, at the time director of the Center for Intercultural Studies in Folklore and Oral History at the University of Texas in Austin. The research was carried out by a cadre of graduate students who were assigned to document primarily the verbal play and games of the three main ethnic groups living in Austin: African Americans, Caucasians, and Chicanos.

My task was to document traditional verbal forms of expression among Chicano children. My procedure was to walk or drive over to East Austin, an old Chicano neighborhood, or other areas of the town like Clarksville, with a strong Chicano contingent, and casually approach groups of children playing together by the curbside, in public parks, or on school playgrounds. I brought with me a small Sony audio cassette recorder and requested permission to record the sessions. I would then ask children if they knew any rhymes, riddles, songs, or stories, which was usually a sufficient prompt to get them going. After that, I tried to remain in the background and let peer-group dynamics dictate the progress of the session.

The Austin tapes contain twenty-three separate recording sessions featuring speech, chant, and song among

several groups of children. Some sessions have only a couple of children; others have many more. Some sessions are long and replete with verbal performances; others are short by comparison. The mood of the interaction varies from wild and frantic to calm and meditative. The age range of the children is generally from 3 or 4 to 11 or 12 years of age, with a concentration in the period 6-9 years old.

Overall, the content of the tapes offers ample evidence of the verbal repertoires of Chicano children in Austin in the mid-1970s. They are rich in riddles, jokes, rhymes, and stories -- both traditional and improvised, in Spanish and in English, and in a fusion of these two languages, a kind of Chicano creole, the native linguistic code for many of these children. These sessions display their speech patterns and verbal routines and offer insights into dynamics of peer-group interaction. They manifest the talents, interests, and concerns of the children, and illustrate how traditional forms of verbal expression are used to create an imaginary world, to inspect linguistic and cognitive structures, to jostle for social position, and to make and re-make community.

COLOMBIA'S SIBUNDOY VALLEY

Cuentan, no?
Tiempo de la oscuridad, yebets tempoka,
Y ya tiempo de luzna, binyen tempoka.
Y ya otra, kaka tempoka, *comían todo crudo,* kaka tempo.
Todo tiempo crudo, que comían crudo, pues todo.
Toda fruta, todo crudo, crudo, crudo, como antes no había candela.
Por eso se llama kaka tempo, *tiempo crudo.*
Después ya que hubo candela, ya aprendían a cocinar.
Antes que sabía gustar, como habían muchos,
Habían estado conversando los mayores
Uno estaba allí oyendo todo.
Antes de la llegada de los misioneros.

They tell about it, see?
The time of darkness, the dark time.
And later the time of light, the dawn time.
And later another, the raw time, the time of rawness, they ate everything raw, the raw time (laughs).
All the raw time they ate everything raw.
Every fruit, everything raw, raw, raw, since before there was no fire.
That's why it's called the raw time, the time of rawness.
Later when there was fire, then at last they learned how to cook.
Earlier I used to like it, since there were many,
One was there hearing everything.
Before the arrival of the missionaries.

As told to me in Spanish and Kamsá by Taita Bautista Juajibioy, vereda San Felix, December 1976.

It was a social connection that first drew me to the south of Colombia, and once there, I chanced upon some indigenous people in the marketplace of Pasto, provincial capital of Colombia's southernmost state, Nariño. These were Indians or Native South Americans from the Sibundoy Valley, eastwards out of Pasto and across the continental divide, a trip of two or three hours on narrow gravel roads. I had prepared myself to work with Quechua, and the Sibundoy Valley is home to the Quechua-speaking Inganos of Santiago, San Andrés, and Colón, but my feet were directed initially to their indigenous neighbors in the valley, the Kamsá, inhabiting the central portions of the valley along the headwaters of the Putumayo River and to the south of the town of Sibundoy.

I had made the acquaintance of Alberto Juajibioy, who worked at the time as a curator at the Universidad de Antioquia's museum in Medellín, and he gave me a letter of introduction to his father, a distinguished elder of the Kamsá community, Taita Bautista Juajibioy. This jovial, highly intelligent gentleman had been elected *gobernador* of the community six times. He received me with kindness and connected me with his daughter and son-in-law, María and Justo Jacanamijoy, who invited me to live with them and become a member of their household. This lively couple and their children, especially their sons Juan and Angel, were my research team in a project aimed at documenting the autochthonous culture of the valley as it has evolved under the influence of Spanish colonialism, Catholic missionary activity, and incorporation into the Colombian nation-state.

During a series of field visits, one of them spanning twelve months across the years 1978-79, the Jacanamijoy family kept a room for me in their house, and freely offered the very best of friendship to the one they came to refer to as *wakiñá mayor,* eldest son. Working outwards from this social base in the *vereda* or hamlet of San Félix, I gained access to the warp and weft of community life in the Sibundoy Valley. The Kamsá maintain a rich inventory of verbal artistry, ranging from the quotidian to the ceremonial in situation of use, and imbued with strong spiritual undertones derived from the teachings of the ancestors. The *kaka wabainá,* or ugly names, map out a kind of Kamsá anti-world, and are used to refer to people in their absence rather than as terms of direct address. The mythic narratives, known as *antewanos* or *antewa parlo,* tell how the ancestors made the world safe for civilization in the Sibundoy Valley. Ceremonial speeches in *el lenguaje ritual* are improvised at public gatherings on the basis of special linguistic and performance techniques. I discovered among my Kamsá friends and associates a diverse and highly refined speech repertoire, implicated in (or perhaps constituting) the very fabric of social life in the valley. A fair sample of this repertoire is represented on the tapes to be deposited at the ATM.

Simultaneously, I began working with a promising young scholar and professor I met in Pasto, Francisco Tandioy, on stories that I was recording from members of the Sibundoy Valley's other indigenous community, the Inganos, speakers of the Inga language, the northernmost dialect of the Quechuan language family. In the mid-1980's I had the opportunity to undertake, with Francisco's assistance, an inquiry into the proverb-like expressions known in Inga as *ñugpamandakuna imasa rimaskakuna,* literally, "how the first people used to speak," more loosely, "sayings of the ancestors." Francisco's mother, Margarita,

who loved carnival and all the traditions of the Inganos, served as our primary consultant in this project, but we were able as well to conduct field trips together into the hills above Santiago to talk to the people living there about their use of these sayings.

We were fortunate to arrange for Francisco to come to Bloomington in the early 1980s where he taught Quechua at IU with support from CLACS, and studied linguistics, obtaining the M.A. degree in 1983. Once again Francisco is in Bloomington, teaching Quechua, and working as a partner with me on a project we are calling *Atunkunnapa iuiai iachachiska*, or Wisdom of the Elders, designed to produce resources for both scholarly investigation and recuperation projects in the Ingano community. I expect these materials too, in due time, to find their way into the ATM.

The Sibundoy materials I will place in the ATM include documentation of primarily verbal and musical performances from two Sibundoy Valley indigenous communities, the Kamsá and the Ingano, as well as photographs and related paper documents such as field notes, transcription notebooks, and the like. The highlights include performances of mythic narratives, recordings of ceremonial speeches, and a good deal of carnival music. The paper documents include the notebook in which I carefully sequestered the Kamsá ugly names, the notebook I used to diagram the intricate patterns of the cloth belts woven by women in these communities, and a set of notebooks that trace my procedure in creating transcriptions and translations of the extended verbal performances I had recorded on audiotape.

MEXICO'S COSTA CHICA

Señores no hay que confiar	Gentlemen, do not have faith
Entre compadres y armas,	when compadres and weapons mix,
El que cargue su cuestión	he who carries a grudge
Que no se ande por las ramas,	should not go out on a limb,
Así mueren hombres bonitos	beautiful men die this way
Aunque sean de grande fama.	Even when they are widely famous.

Stanza from the most famous Costa Chica corrido, "Simon Blanco".

My early encounters with the people and cultures of greater Mexico made a deep impression on me, and I remain in thrall to the poetry of the place. As a high school student with some classroom Spanish, I relished the opportunity to travel in Mexico and find out that the language actually works. Later, as a VISTA worker, I came into contact with Chicano communities in western Oregon and in the area around Corpus Christi, Texas, and learned to love flavors and sounds such as *menudo* and *conjunto.* While in VISTA I heard my first *corrido*, "Valentín de la Sierra," sung by Chicano activists to rally the spirits in fighting for *la causa.*

For more than a quarter of a century, I have been on the trail of the *corrido*, Mexico's popular ballad form, an interest that I acquired from one of my mentors at the University of Texas, Professor Américo Paredes. It was Dr. Paredes who suggested that I travel to the Costa Chica in search of the living ballad, and that encounter during the summer of 1972 left a permanent mark on me. Arriving in Acapulco, I had the excellent fortune to make contact with the Arizmendi Dorantes family, composers and musicians, and the anchor of that family, Miguel Arizmendi, has remained a staunch friend, host, and ally. I have returned to this coastal region of Mexico several times, most recently for a half-year sojourn in 1996, and little by little expanded my understanding of the social role played by this artistic form. My wife Patricia Gluskho and I produced a documentary video on the corrido of Mexico's Costa Chica, called "Que Me Troven un Corrido" (Write Me a Corrido), another on the brass bands of Guerrero, and a third on the Easter passion play in El Treinta, Guerrero. These are available in the "Folklore on Video" collection from the Department of Folklore and Ethnomusicology.

The bulk of the Mexican materials en route to the ATM are audiotape and video tape recordings of the vernacular song and music tradition of Mexico's Costa Chica, spanning much of the coastal zones of the states of Guerrero and Oaxaca. Featured are nearly three hundred performances of the ballads known as *corridos*, composed by *trovadores* in response to violent episodes in the region and sung by men and women in a variety of informal social settings. There is, as well, a good representation of a regional dance form known as the *chilena*, sharing the lively step of the Chilean *cueca.* The song repertoire includes several examples of the lesser known *colombiana*, with its stutter-step rhythm, as well as *boleros, bambucos*, *pasillos*, and the *vals peruana.* Ensembles range from a singer with guitar to larger groups of string instruments, including violins and harps, and the irrepressible brass band. The Costa Chica, with Acapulco as its hub, exhibits a rich vernacular music tradition whose main practitioners come from the Afromestizo segment of the population, one of only two primary zones of significant historical African presence in the Mexican nation.

In addition to this treasury of vernacular song, the Costa Chica materials contain substantial documentation of several other traditions of the region. There is video footage, for example, of a family constructing piñatas in the marketplace in Acapulco, and an interview with an herbalist in the same marketplace, who sells traditional remedies for a wide variety of ailments. The raw footage for our educational videos on corrido performance, brass-band music, and the Easter

passion play, is also present on these tapes. Still photographs of places, people, and artifacts of the zone complete this segment of the collection.

A GLIMPSE OF GHANA

The next day we found the fetish priestess, Kwesi's cousin, in trance in her fetish shrine. She spoke short, guttural phrases in something that Kwesi characterized as "Akan-based but with some extra sh's thrown in." An older woman stood nearby and translated into Akan what the fetish priestess was speaking. Then the priestess broke into a rhythmic breathing and grunting — she leaned her head behind the curtain setting off the "altar" and finally came out of trance. While she was still in trance, we all had to shake or clasp her hands, one of us at a time, and my turn was quite amusing since it took a while for our hands to meet.

From my field notes, Duakwa, December 1, 1987.

I have taught extensively from my Ghana research but published next to nothing. This relative silence on the Ghana materials has nothing to do with their inherent value, but rather reflects diffidence with regard to my lack of training as an Africanist. It is through a sequence of Ghanaian students at IU, especially Owusu Brempong, Kwesi Yankah, Kofi Anyidoho, Daniel Avorgbedor, and David Adu-Amankwah, that I have become sensitive to the lure of Ghana. And it was through the good offices of Kwesi Yankah, in particular, that I sought and received a Fulbright Lectureship to spend a half-year in Ghana as a visiting lecturer at the University of Ghana in Legon.

My wife, Patricia Glushko, a skilled photographer, traveled with me to Ghana in September of 1987 and there we remained through February of 1988. We found a home in Ford Foundation apartments in Legon, which became our base of operations during the entire stay in Ghana. My assignment was to teach, but it chanced that the students were on strike for much of the remainder of 1987, which left us free to explore the byways of Ghana until classes resumed in mid-December. Kwesi had wheels and was an able and willing guide, so we set out from Legon to discover Ghana beyond the university. We were lucky to enjoy several visits to his village, Duakwa, in the Fanti region of the Akan section of Ghana, where his mother resides. It was uncanny how every time we set foot there something dramatic (and folkloric) would be underway. I wondered if Kwesi was pulling some strings behind our backs, but his reaction to the unfolding events was the philosophical observation, "Ghana is Ghana."

Our excursions were not limited to these eventful trips to Duakwa. Through Owusu we became familiar with the cool air of the Aburri hills, where we went several times to secure live hens and taste the palm wine at stands along the road. With Kofi and Kwesi and their wives Akusia and Victoria we made a memorable journey across the Volta River to towns in the Ewe section of Ghana. We managed a trip on our own, by public transportation, to the Ashanti stronghold of Kumasi. There was also an unforgettable trip to Cape Coast and Elmina Castle, a place of somber historical resonance. These trips were mostly overnighters, with two or three nights out at the max, so I can make no claim to deep ethnography here. But because we were well-attended and well-received, we witnessed a range of fascinating performances, rituals, and other events, and were able to amass a considerable store of documentary materials, primarily through cassette audiotaping and still photography.

The Ghana field materials, now in process of conveyance to ATM, sample traditions in three Ghanaian regions, the Akan, Ewe, and Ga. It features drumming and singing in particular, often in ceremonial settings. There are as well spoken materials such as libation prayers and an interview with a fetish priestess--and with the witch whose identity she had just revealed. We were present at a fetish ceremony in Oshieye, near Bortianor, a Ga fishing village, where we witnessed a lovely libation ritual, and were drawn into dancing along with the fetish princesses. At the annual town festival in Kwanyaku, a Fanti town in the Agona region, we documented the exuberant groups of young people as well as the dancing of the town's history, with the chief and the lead warrior of the *Asafo* group. Later we visited the Ewe *Hogbetsotso* festival in the town of Anlogá, where we watched a parade of royalty down the main streets and the *Kaku* knife dancers off to the side in the shade of some trees. We also documented folkloric moments on the Legon campus: Koo Nimo's singing at the Loggia, a libation and tale of the origin of libation performed in the class on oral literature, songs of Christians on the soccer field in the dark evening air.

As I have mentioned, it was at Duakwa where we happened upon the most impressive situations: the ritual cleansing of a woman revealed to be a witch; the trance chanting of a fetish priestess while possessed by one of her deities; a libation meant to appease a river deity who was thought to be causing accidents along the road; and the rowdy funeral of a young man who had been destroyed, we heard, through sorcery. These events and others in Duakwa and elsewhere are captured, to the degree we were able, in the audiotape recordings and the photos and slides now being conveyed to the ATM as part of this collection.

AN INVITATION

It has been a most interesting trip, one that is not yet over. But the ethnographic materials I have accumulated to date constitute, I believe, a sufficient installment for transfer to the ATM, and I am relieved to contemplate their permanent and perhaps eternal residence in a facility where

they will be preserved and made available to students, teachers, and scholars, and importantly, to future generations from their places of origin. I invite interested persons to come and inspect these artifacts of my field practice, and to make use of them, as appropriate, in their own teaching and research. I am confident in the lasting value of these testimonies to human resourcefulness, and hopeful that others will find in them understanding that I may have only partially grasped or missed entirely.

The main publications that have emerged from the research depicted in these pages are listed below. Those who are interested may consult these publications, and trace their origins in the materials under conveyance to the ATM. I close with these expressions of hope, that I have managed to do justice, in some measure, to the many interpreters of tradition, performing artists, and local wits, who shared their talent and time with me; and that I have redeemed the trust placed in me by those who assisted my work in their native districts.

Selected Publications

Children's Verbal Art

1995 "The transmission of children's folklore," in *Children's Folklore: A Source Book*, Brian Sutton-Smith et al. (ed.), pp. 49-62. New York: Garland.

1982 "Sociolinguistic contours in the verbal art of Chicano children," in Lucia Elias-Olivares and Jon Amaestae (ed.), *Spanish in the United States: Sociolinguistic Aspects*, pp. 333-353. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. Also appears in *Aztlán: Chicano Journal of the Social Sciences and the Arts* 13: 165-193.

1979 *Children's Riddling.* Indiana University Press.

1975 *The Speech Play and Verbal Art of Chicano Children: An Ethnographic and Sociolinguistic Study.* Doctoral Thesis, University of Texas, Austin.

Colombia's Sibundoy Valley

2000 "Collaborative ethnopoetics: the view from the Sibundoy Valley." In *Translating Native American Verbal Art: Ethnopoetics and Ethnography of Speaking*, Marta de Gerdes, Kay Sammons, and Joel Sherzer (ed.). Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press, pages 211-232.

1994 *"So Wise Were Our Elders": Mythic Narratives of the Kamsá.* University Press of Kentucky.

1989 *Sayings of the Ancestors: The Spiritual Life of the Sibundoy Indians.* University Press of Kentucky.

Mexico's Costa Chica

2000 *Poetry and Violence: The Ballad Tradition of Mexico's Costa Chica.* University of Illinois Press: Music in American Life, and Folklore and Society Series.

1981 "The corrido of greater Mexico as discourse, music, and event," in Roger Abrahams and Richard Bauman (ed.), *"And Other Neighborly Names": Social Process and Cultural Image in Texas Folklore*, pp. 44-75. Austin: University of Texas Press.